

## The Tragedie

By drunken prophesies, libels and dreames,  
 To set my brother Clarence and the king,  
 In deadly hate the one against the other,  
 And if king Edward be as true and iust  
 As I am subtle, false and trecherous:  
 This day should Clarence closely be mewd vp,  
 About adrohesie which saies that G.  
 Of Edwards heires the murderers shall bee.  
 Due thoughts downe to my soule, *Enter Clarence with*  
 Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*  
 Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard  
 That waites vpon your grace?  
*Cl.* His maiestie rendering my persons safetie hath ap-  
 This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. *(pointed)*  
*Glo.* Vpon what cause?  
*Cl.* Because my name is George.  
*Glo.* Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,  
 He should for that commit your good fathers:  
 O, belike his maiestie hath some intent  
 That you shall be new christned in the Tower,  
 But what is the matter Clarence may I know?  
*Cl.* Yea Richard when I know, for I protest  
 As yet I do not, but as I can learne,  
 He harkens after prophesies and dreames,  
 And from the crosse-rowe pluckes the letter G:  
 And saies a wizard told him that by G,  
 His issue disinherited should be,  
 And for my name of George begins with G,  
 It followes in his thought that I am he,  
 These as I learne, and such like toyes as these,  
 Haue moued his highnesse to commit me now  
*Glo.* Why, this it is when men are rulde by women,  
 Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower,  
 My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis shee  
 That tempts him to this exterminie:  
 Was it not she and that good man of worship  
 Anthony wooduile her brother there,  
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower,  
 From whence this present day he is deliuered?  
 We are not safe Clarence, we are not safe

of Richard

*Cl.* By heauen I thinke there  
 But the Queenes kindred, and n  
 That trudge betwixt the king an  
 Heard ye not what an humble su  
 Lord Hastings was to her for hi  
*Glo.* Humble complaining to  
 Got my Lord Chamberlaine hi  
 He tell you what, I thinke it is o  
 If we will keepe in fauour with  
 To be her men, and weare her li  
 The iealous orewerne widow a  
 Since that our brother dubbd th  
 Are mightie gossipis in this mor  
*Bro.* I beseech your graces be  
 His maiestie hath straightly giu  
 That no man shall haue priuate  
 Of what degree soeuer with his  
*Glo.* Euen so & please your wo  
 You may partake of any thing v  
 We speake no treason man, we  
 Is wife and vertuous, and his no  
 Well strooke in yeares, faire, an  
 We say that Shores wife hath a  
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a pa  
 And that the Queenes kindred  
 How say you sir, can you deny a  
*Bro.* With this (my Lord) m  
*Glo.* Naught to do with Mist  
 He that doth naught with her, e  
 Were best he do it secretly alon  
*Bro.* What one my Lord?  
*Glo.* Her husband knaue, wou  
*Bro.* I beseech your Grace to  
 Your conference with the nobi  
*Cl.* We know thy charge Br  
*Glo.* We are the Queenes Ab  
 Brother farewell, I will vnto th  
 And whatsoeuer you will imple  
 Were it to call King Edwards w